And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate upon thy ſelfe?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt loſe?
Fie, fie, thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like an Uſurer aboundſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man:
Thy deare love ſworne, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh:
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſſe-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-leſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet on fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What? rowſe thee 'man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of bleſſings light upon thy backe,
Happineſſe courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a misbehav'd and ſullen wench
Thou poutſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy love, as was decree'd,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy

Than

Than thou wentſt fort
Goe before Nurſe, co
And bid her haſten al
Which heavie ſorrow
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I cou
To heare good counſe
My Lord, Ile tell my
Rom. Doe ſo, and b
Nur. Here ſir, a rin
Hie you, make haſte
Rom. How well my
Fri. Goe hence, go
Either be gone before
Or by the breake of d
Sojourne in *Mantua*
And he ſhall ſignifie f
Every good hap to yo
Give me thy hand, 'ti
Rom. But that a jo
It were a griefe ſo brie
Farewell.

Enter old
Cap. Things have
That we have had no
Looke you, ſhe lov'd
And ſo did I: well, w
'Tis very late, ſhee'll
I promiſe you but for
I would have beene a
Paris. Theſe time
Madam good night, c
La. I will, and kno
To night ſhe is mewe
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I w
Of my childes love;